

Lorenzo preached as much as his strength would admit. We were sometimes very closely run to get what was necessary to make us comfortable. Yet I felt quite contented. I had in a good degree regained my health, so that I was able to labor and I did all I could for a living, although my situation was such that I could not do as much as I wished. But the Lord provided for us beyond that we could have expected.

Lorenzo Dow fought a long, and toward the end of his life, losing battle with physical ailments and infirmities. The whole story thereof, if it could be written, would make a chapter replete with elements of fortitude, humor, and pathos. An asthmatic from boyhood he frequently was compelled, in the midst of his countless activities, to snatch what little sleep he could get while lying upon the bare floor, or upon a plank provided for his accommodation. Repeatedly upon his arrival at an appointment he would be too exhausted to stand, or even to sit to preach, and in consequence would lie upon a table, wrapped in a blanket if the weather required a wrap, and in that position deliver his sermon to the assembled congregation.

While in Ireland on his second visit an attack of spasms that baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians did more, according to his own statement, to reduce his nervous strength and to sap his constitution than all his travels and labors, which amounted to from seven to ten thousand miles, and six to seven hundred sermons each year.

But with the many constantly accumulating physical infirmities he would not consent for a single moment to give up his itinerant career. For to travel and to preach constituted his paradise. Consequently, he got a stiff leather jacket, girded with buckles, to serve as stays, to